

1 Posted by u/Cowboywizard12 4 hours ago

He was just 18

OC OC

He was just 18 the age when humans legally become an adult though in many ways they still feel more like little more than children.

He was just 18, though he'd been a cabin boy on smuggling vessels since he was 12 years old. He'd never had a childhood, parents killed in some frontier colony war along with his 4 siblings.

He was just 18 but he'd seen more than many people who had died of old age and had the scars to prove it, the girl he was seeing at the cathouse knew it.

He was just 18 when he walked out of the cathouse to see them land on the pad. He was just 18 but like all frontier worlders he knew what a handful of Azerian Marauders could do to a frontier town.

He was just 18 but he had been a criminal for 6 years now and that meant he packed heat. A Semi-Auto Gauss Defender with 20 round magazines he carried it loaded and carried 2 spare mags.

He was just 18 but he'd seen thousands of people die and he'd taken more than one severe injury as the scars on his chest could tell you.

He was just 18 but he was the only one standing between the people of this tiny frontier town and the incoming shore party of 12 Azerian Marauders.

He was just 18 and he knew nobody expected him to do anything and no one would blame him for running away, nobody except himself.

He was just 18 when he took an ambush position around the corner of a General Store. He knew he could run away and leave this frontier town to its fate, but he knew he couldn't live with himself if he did.

He was just 18 and when he turned the corner of the general store and gunned 6 of the Marauders down and took 3 bullets in his own chest before he got back into cover.

He was just 18 and tears ran down his face and blood soaked his shirt, he reloaded his gun and his breathing was ragged and spun back around the corner to face the remaining Marauders.

He was just 18 when he died, bled out in the street from mortal wounds he sustained while sparing this tiny little town from the Marauders.

He was just 18 and his name was John Hunter and was a small-time criminal wanted suspected in a number of crimes and he died protecting others, was what the frontier town found out when the Colonial Marshals finally got to the scene of the gunfight two weeks after it happened.

He was just 18 and he gave his life for others, that's the line that is etched in marble on a little memorial next to the general store where he made his stand.

I wrote this piece after being inspired the the opening line from the song, Black Letters, by the Dreadnoughts